

EIGHTBALL



ANDY 2004





THE ORIGIN OF

ANDY



MY DAD WAS A VIOLENCE MANAGER. HE WASN'T "HAPPY" AT A JOB IN "HAPPINESS". HE GOT INTO WORSE AND WORSE SITUATIONS AT A "HAPPINESS". HIS DAD WASN'T "HAPPY" THAT HE WAS A "HAPPY".



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WHAT
DO YOU
THINK OF
ANDY?

WHICH
ANDY?

I DON'T KNOW
HIM AT ALL.

I'VE HEARD A LOT
OF WEIRD SHIT ABOUT
THAT GUY. YOU
MEAN GENUINE ANDY,
RIGHT?

I WANT HIM TO
FUCK ME. JUST
KIDDING.

I THINK I HAD HIM IN
ONE CLASS BUT HE NEVER
SAYS ANYTHING.

FAGGOT.

HE THINKS HE'S BETTER
THAN EVERYBODY, BUT
HE'S DEFINITELY NOT.

HE'S NOTHING.

DOES HE EVEN
GO TO THIS SCHOOL
ANYMORE?

WHO CARES?
NO OPINION.

THANK
YOU.

LOUIE
AT HOME

WHAT IS
THIS SHIT?

LOUIE!

WHAT'S ALL
I'M SAYING
IS IT TASTES
LIKE SHIT.

YOU NEED TO
SHOW SOME RESPECT
FOR YOUR MOTHER.

WHO ASKED
YOU? JUST
BECAUSE YOU'RE
CUCKING MY
SISTER
DOESN'T--

MOM!
LOUIE!

LOUIE, C.J. IS THEREA'S
QUEST AND I WANT
YOU TO --

JESUS CHRIST, MOM!
OPEN YOUR EYES!

HE'S ALL
STRAWN
OUT! DON'T
YOU KNOW
WHAT HE'S
DOING UP
THERE?

LOOK,
MAY DON'T
YOU COME
OUT OF
MY BUSINESS!

WHAT
BUSINESS?
COULD
DREAMING?

DON'T
PUSH IT,
LOUIE.
MOM!

OH,
I'M SO
SCARED!

MAYBE
YOU
SHOULD BE.

JESUS, LOUIE--
WHY DO YOU
ALWAYS HAVE TO
BE SUCH AN
ASSHOLE?

[illegible]



Dear Dusty

I'm sorry I haven't written in so long. I've been hanging out with my friend Louie a lot. He's a really cool kid. His dad used to be a reporter for the Channel Nine news but he became a drunk and now he's in Arizona.

I guess I don't have a lot in common with most other kids. I don't really like rock music or a lot of TV shows. Louie listens to Punk rock which I hated at first until he explained it to me. I'm more into old music, I guess.

It's my opinion that most people don't really care about music anymore, that they just want to be part of "the cool crowd," which is okay, I guess. My trouble is I can never really find a group I want to join. Louie's Italian and a Catholic, which he says sucks but at least it's something. I'm not even sure what my ethnicity is. Irish American, I guess. Maybe I should listen to the national anthem or something.

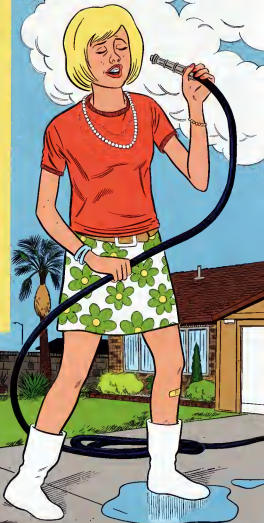
I love you so much. Why are we so far apart? I saw "Rocky" again, which was good like you said. I went with Louie and his mom. Don't worry, I haven't been going on any dates!

I still think about that party in Lowermere and all the stuff we used to do. Don't you think it's weird how you never hear that song on the radio anymore? I guess that's just the way it is.

Anyway, I hope you write me soon and tell me what you are up to.

Your boyfriend,

andy



CIGARETTE?





"THIS IS REALLY YOUR FIRST TIME, HUH?"

"PRETTY MUCH, I GUESS."



"YOU HAVE TO KNOW OF IT'S TOTALLY POINTLESS."

"DID YOU SEE HOW THAT GUY LOOKED AT US?"



"I MEAN, THAT'S THE BEAUTY OF IT. IT TURNS YOU INTO A WHOLE DIFFERENT PERSON."

"OH, JESUS."



"HEY..."



"OH SHIT!"



"HOW FREAKING CREEPY..."

HRUUKK
SPLAT!



"JESUS, ANDY..."

HRUHH
HKK

INCREDIBLE

I WOK UP AT 8 AM. ORGASM, BUT FILLED WITH SUPERHUMAN ENERGY.



"I FELT AN INTENSE AWARENESS OF MY PHYSICAL SELF, LIKE EVERY SOUND INSIDE MY BODY WAS AMPLIFIED."



"IT'S LIKE I COULD HEAR THE BLOOD COURSEWORK THROUGH MY ARTERIES AND EVERYTHING."



"I ACTUALLY THOUGHT FOR A MINUTE THAT I MIGHT EXPLODE! IT'S LIKE MY ATOMS WERE SUDDENLY UNSTABLE."



"I DON'T KNOW HOW TO EXPLAIN IT EXACTLY, BUT I WAS OVERCOME WITH THE ABSOLUTE CONFIDENCE THAT I COULD DO ANYTHING. THAT I WAS IN EVERY BODY SUPERIOR."



"IT'S LIKE IN A DREAM WHERE YOU START CRYING, OR BREATHING UNDER WATER... YOU KNOW IT'S NOT POSSIBLE, BUT IT FEELS SO NATURAL..."



"MY MIND WAS RACING, BOMBING, MAKING INSANE CONNECTIONS... I COULD ACTUALLY HEAR THE ELECTRIC (SHACKLES OF OVERHEARD SYNAPSES) POPPING IN MY SKULL."



"I THOUGHT ABOUT LONGHAIWAY, IN. AND THAT NOCTURNE, UNLIMITED LOOK LIVERY TILLOT GOT WHEN THE MOON WAS DULL - WAS I GOING TO KILL SOMEONE AND FORGET ABOUT IT BY TOMORROW?"



"I TELL YOU, THE WHOLE THING WAS JUST UNBELIEVABLE!"

THE NEXT DAY





AFTER THAT, I WAS VERY CAREFUL ABOUT MAKING FRIENDS. MOST PEOPLE DON'T TAKE FRIENDSHIP VERY SERIOUSLY AND IT'S ALL TOO EASY TO GET HURT.



I DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW SOME PEOPLE CAN HAVE LIKE TEN OR TWENTY "CLOSE FRIENDS." ARE THEY REALLY FRIENDS? IT JUST SEEMS SO SHALLOW.

APPOLOGIZE!



APPOLOGIZE TO ME!



LOUIE HAD HIS FAULTS, BUT AT LEAST HE WAS A GOOD FRIEND.



THAT'S A VERY RARE THING IN THIS WORLD.



THIS TIME, THE NAUSEA ONLY LASTED FOR A FEW SECONDS BEFORE I COULD FEEL MY VIBRA FILLED WITH THE SOUND OF MUSIC.

IT WAS LIKE MY ENTIRE BODY GOT A GIANT BONER.



HEY! HEY!! BREAK IT UP YOU TWO!



JESUS, ANDY... IS THAT YOU?



AND I FELT AMAZING! GREAT UNTIL MY BRAIN WENT ON OVER-DRIVE AND EVERYTHING JUST GOT OF SHIRT-CORRECTED AND IT ALL JUST SHUT DOWN.

FUCK ME,
ANDY?

THE

YEAH, BABY...
THAT'S IT!



SO HERE'S WHAT HAPPENED
I GOT A TERRIBLE HEADACHE
AND MISSED THE NEXT TWO
WEEKS OF SCHOOL, AND
THEN IT WAS SPRING VACATION.
LOUIS WENT TO NEW YORK
TO VISIT HIS LITTLE
SISTER AND SO I SPENT
THE WHOLE TIME PRETTY
MUCH ALONE.



DURING THE WEEK
OFF I STARTED TO
EXPERIMENT WITH THE
CIGARETTES, TAKING A
FEW LITTLE PUFFS AT
A TIME. I GOT
SO I COULD MAINTAIN
A LOW LEVEL OF THE
SMOKE WITHOUT
GETTING MUCH OF A
HEADACHE AT ALL.



ORIGIN



AFTER A FEW DAYS
I GOT SO BORED I
EVEN WALKED OVER TO
FIVE STREET ON A
FRIDAY NIGHT. IT'S
LIKE I WAS TOTALLY
CONFIDENT I COULDN'T
BE HAFT. I FELT
LIKE I COULD DETECT
A BULLSHIT, EVEN.



SAY,
BOY...

YOU GOT
ANOTHER
CIGARETTE,
BOY?



ANDY?

LOUIS O'BRIEN, ANDY,
ARE YOU CRAZY? YOU
CAN'T BE WALKING OVER
HERE AT NIGHT!



I CAN HEAR YOU
DID? WHY ARE YOU
ACTING UP ON ME,
ANDY?



YOU ALWAYS SEEM A GOOD BOY,
ANDY... WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?



I GUESS YOU'RE GOING TO
PUT YOUR CIGARETTE IN AN
EARLY DRIVE!

OH ANDY,
YOU FUCK
ME SO
GOOD!



OF



I'M IN BIG
TROUBLE...



I'LL TELL YOU LATER
I CAN'T TALK...

WHEN DID YOU
GET BACK,
ANYWAY?

REALLY?
WHAT?







THE ADVENTURES OF THE DEATH-RAY



ANDY



STOOG says there's
NO INFO PERSONA, MAN.

HE WANTS YOU TO COME
CHECK OUT HIS PARTY
ON SUNDAY NIGHT,
DREN?

DON'T BRING
LOUIS, THOUGH.

MAYBE THIS
IS THE PROBLEM.

SURE, YOU'VE GOT
SOME POWERS, BUT THAT'S
NOTHING WITHOUT
MOTIVATION.

LOOK AT THE WALL--
HIS WIFE DIED, OR
SOMETHING.

WHO DO YOU HAVE
THE MAPS IN THE
WORLD?

SEE, THAT'S
THE THING...

WHAT'S
GOING ON?

WHICH
ONE OF
YOU IS
ANDY?

I'M
ANDY...

SON, YOUR
BANDLEAVE...

PUPPY!

PUPPY,
WHO DID THIS
TO YOU?

ANDY...

DEAD!

I MEAN, I HATE
A LOT OF PEOPLE, BUT
IT'S NOT REALLY--
YOU KNOW...

YEAH. I KNOW WHAT
YOU MEAN...

THIS WAS A SET-UP. THEY
WERE DEFINITELY GOING TO
ARREST YOU IF YOU
SHOWED UP.

JUST THINK-- IF WE HAD THAT
DEATH RAY, WE COULD BLOW UP THE
WHOLE HOUSE AND WATCH THEM
ALL SCREAM IN PAIN.

HEY, SHE'S IN
MY BEDMAN CLASS--
I GUESS TO LET
HER LIVE.

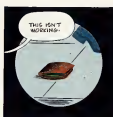
LET'S GO.
THIS IS
BORING...

WE CAME ALL THE WAY OUT
HERE. WE CAN'T JUST LEAVE
WITHOUT DOING ANYTHING...

LIKE
WHAT?

HEY LOOK.
THERE'S STOOG'S
CAR...

THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF THE DEATH-RAY







ON PATROL



AMT DELIA IS MY
MOM'S SISTER WHO
LIVES IN CONNECTICUT.

AFTER DAD DIED I WAS SHIPPED TO GO
LIVE WITH HER. BUT LUCKY I WAS ABLE
TO SCAM THE OLD PSYCHOLOGIST INTO
LETTING ME STAY AT HOME WITH PAPPY.

ANYWAY, SHE SAID THE PACKAGE
WAS IN THE MAIL. YEAH, AND I
WONT COME IN YOUR MOUTH (THATS
AN OLD DEGREE GRABIN JOKE, I
THINK).

I LIKED AMT DELIA OKAY. EXCEPT SHE ALWAYS KIND OF MADE
ME FEEL LIKE A PSYCHIC THIRD. SHE REALLY DID NOT GET ME
AT ALL.



STILL, I HAVE TO SAY I THINK I COME FROM A PRETTY GREAT FAMILY. I
MEAN, JUST THINK ABOUT WHAT MY DAD DID FOR ME. WHAT DAD HAS EVER
DONE ANYTHING LIKE THAT BEFORE.



AND PAPPY, TOO... HE WAS ALWAYS GREAT TO ME... I JUST
WISH...



I'VE BEEN THINKING A LOT LATELY ABOUT HOW MUCH STUFF WE TAKE FOR
GRANTED. WE'RE SO LUCKY TO LIVE IN THE MODERN WORLD. I MEAN, IF YOU
WERE BORN IN UNMODERN TIMES, YOU'D SPEND ALL DAY LOOKING FOR GRUBB
AND THEN YOU'D DIE IN SLEEP AT AGE TWENTY.



REALLY, WE SHOULD ALL BE SO THANKFUL FOR OUR ANCESTORS
IN THE HUMAN RACE.



THAT'S WHY I FEEL I HAVE TO DO MY PART.
A "MODERN" FAMILY. TO HELP OUT HUMANITY. OR AT
LEAST THE GOOD, DECENT MEMBERS OF SOCIETY.



IT'S NOT EASY, THOUGH... AND TO
BE HONEST, A LOT OF THE TIME
IT FEELS KIND OF LIKE
HOMEWORK.



BUT SOMEBODY HAS TO IMPOSE SOME KIND OF STRUCTURE ON
THE WORLD, I GUESS. OTHERWISE EVERYTHING WOULD JUST
FALL APART. WOULDN'T IT?





SONNY



I vow to never again
turne an innocent eye, nor
even an insect, if I can help it.

In fact, I hereby devote my life to
the protection of the weak, the innocent,
the widowed, and the destitute.

YOU BOYS ARE TOO
YOUNG TO KNOW ABOUT REAL
PAIN... I DON'T CARE IF
YOU LOSE YOUR EYES, OR
YOUR ARM, OR YOUR
GOODDAMN HEAD.
THERE'S NO PAIN
LIKE HEARTACHE.

LOUIE, YOU KNOW I LOVE YOU
LIKE A BROTHER, BUT THAT SISTER
OF YOURS-- I DON'T NEED
TO TELL YOU SHE DID ME
SOMETHING AWFUL.

I KNOW,
SONNY.

DING
DING

THAT SON OF A BITCH-- HE SQUEE
HER AWAY WITH HIS LIES! I
WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF HE'S
SHOT HER ON DRUGS, LOUIE!

I'LL TELL YOU ONE THING
I KNOW FOR SURE-- I'LL
NEVER STOP LOVING THAT
GIRL 'TIL THE DAY
I DIE.

SONNY'S ALL RIGHT
WITH ME, MAN... HE'S
THE CLOSEST THING
TO REAL FAMILY
I'VE GOT!

BUT
HE'S NOT
DOING OUT
WITH YOUR
SISTER ANY
MORE, IS
HE?

THE
STUPID
BITCH!

WHAT
ABOUT
YOUR OTHER
SISTER IN
NEW YORK?

HE
DOESN'T
EVEN
KNOW
HER.

NO, YOU SAID
SONNY'S THE
CLOSEST THING
TO A FAMILY--
WHAT ABOUT
HER?

GIVE ME A
BREAK-- SHE'S A
FUCKING DYKE

HEY!

LODE WHO
IT IS!

THAT'S
HER, ISN'T
IT? IT'S LUCKY!

GOD, SHE'S
ALL FREAKED
OUT.

YEAH, IT'S
DEFINITELY
HER.

WOW,
JANET'S GONNA
LOVE YOU NOW.

FUCK JANET--
I'M KEEPING HER
FOR MYSELF.

Andy's Dream

There was this tree with these big white berries growing on it, and as soon as a person ate one they would start to disappear.



This person seemed to be both physically painful and more terrifying.



SONNY AND THERESA



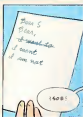
THE DEATH-RAY AND LOUIE







SONNY'S LAMENT





THE UNTHINKABLE



THEY
DON'T
FEEL
ANY
MORE

YOU'D THINK SOMETHING LIKE THAT WOULD
FREAK ME OUT, BUT I HARDLY GAVE IT ANOTHER THOUGHT.
I SUSPECT I'M MEDIUM WIP. I MEAN, ADULTS HAVE TO
DEAL WITH THOUSAND DISGRACES EVERY DAY. NOT THAT IT'S
SOMETHING I TAKE LIGHTLY, AND I HOPE TO GOD I
NEVER HAVE TO DO IT AGAIN EVER, BUT...



I DIDN'T THINK HE HAD IT IN HIM.
I WAS JUST... I DON'T KNOW, I JUST
DIDN'T EXPECT IT. I MEAN, HE WAS
MORE UPSET ABOUT THE CHAMPIONS! I
GUESSED I SHOULD BE GLAD HE'S MY
FRIEND, BUT JESUS CHRIST, ANDY!



THAT'S
DUDE.

ANDY, I DON'T KNOW
THE WHOLE STORY - I'M
PRETTY SURE I DON'T
WANT TO KNOW...

I CAN'T HOPE TO EVER REPLY
YOU, ANDY, BUT IF THERE'S
EVER ANYTHING I CAN DO, YOU
JUST SAY THE WORD. FROM
HERE ON OUT, YOU CAN
COUNT ON ME. SORRY.

SO I'VE BEEN
DOING SOME THINKING,
ANDY...

SCUSE
ME, BOYS.

ANDY, BUDDY--
CAN I BORROW
YOU FOR A SEC?

I MEAN IT,
BUDDY.

SO I THINK WE
SHOULD STASH THE
GUN SOMEWHERE--
Y'KNOW, JUST FOR A
WHILE UNTIL WE
FIGURE OUT WHAT
WE'RE DOING.

LOOK, LOUIE--
I'M THE BOSS
NOW.

OH, OKAY.
ANDY, WHAT
EVER YOU
SAY.

SO WHO
ARE YOU
GONNA
KILL
NEXT?

WHAT'S THAT
SUPPOSED TO
MEAN?

NOTHING--
I JUST
THOUGHT--





A WEEK AFTER WE TOOK CARE OF THEREA'S BOYFRIEND, LOUIS CALLED ME UP AND SAID, "YOU KNOW, C.J. WAS A F*CKING ASSHOLE, BUT HE DIDN'T OFFEND TO DIE. YOU DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THE GUY." THIS REALLY HIT ME. I MEAN, IT WAS HIS IDEA IN THE FIRST PLACE! THE COSTUME, THE ROOMING, EVERYTHING!



Dear Dusty (again)

I'm sorry I haven't written in so long, though I guess I shouldn't be. Did you know you haven't written me since that Christmas card?

Do you really love me at all? I hope so, though it would be better for you if you didn't.

I've been involved in something big. I can't

talk about it right now, but you'll know everything some day.

If you ever get a package from me, DON'T OPEN IT. Put it in your closet and hide it away until you receive further instructions.

So how are you? I am fine. Actually, I feel kind of weird lately. I

haven't been hanging out with Louie as much. He has a girlfriend now, so he's busy.

That's all for now. Why don't you write back to me soon, okay?

andy

P.S. Even if it's just a short note to tell me to stop bothering you.



LOUIE IN LOVE

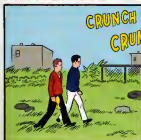


ANDY, LOUIE



THE LAST STRAW





26 YEARS LATER









THE UNITED STATES OF ANDY



**WHY
DID
ANDY
DESTROY
YOU?**



**WHAT
DO YOU
THINK
OF ANDY
(AGAIN)?**



**CHOOSE
YOUR OWN
ADVENTURE**

HOW WILL OUR STORY END?? YOU DECIDE!



C. HE CONTINUES TO LIVE MUCH AS HE HAS FOR THE PAST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS. AFTER DINNER HE GETS A FOX TERRIER NAMED ANDY, AND AFTER THAT, A COUSIN HE KNOWS-READY PURSUES A DOWNSIDE ON THE THIRD FLOOR AND SHORTLY THEREAFTER GIVES A WOMAN IN HER SIXTIES FOR SEVERAL YEARS. HE RETURNS FROM HIS JOB AT THE LIBRARY WITH THE INTENTION OF MOVING TO NORTHERN CALIFORNIA, BUT FINDS IT TOO EXPENSIVE. HE REMOVES FROM RESIDENCE A DOIST. A MAN WHO SPITS ON RABBIT, AND THE EX-HUSBAND OF THE DIVORCEE ON THE THIRD FLOOR. HE BURNS THE DEATH DIV IN A SHALLOW HOLE IN THE INDIAN DUNES. HE BURNS HIS DIDS, PAPER, AND SCATTERS THE ASHES IN THE LAKE AT SOME POINT HE DIES, PROBABLY OF LUNG CANCER.



THE DEATH- RAY

